





"EXOTIQUE" . . . .

. . . dedicated to FASHIONS,  
FADS and FANCIES . . . .

No. 27

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"STRANGE COMPANION"

by

Evelyn Adams

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The dark interior of Strong's Bar was cool and intimate as fall, lithe Pauline entered, her high-heeled boots making a soft, tom-tom sound on the thick floor. Through long, black eyelashes she surveyed the occupants. Pauline's eyes came to rest upon a demure, kewpie-doll type of girl seated atop a long, leather stool at the end of the bar. A smile flicked across Pauline's ivory tinted face and she slid on top of one of the stools nearby the silent girl.

"I'll have a dry martini," she ordered to the bartender who hurried away to do her

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bidding. As Pauline settled on the leather-topped stool, she could feel its soft, caressing feel upon her wide thighs. She was wearing a pair of black satin shorts and a tight silken sweater as were many other girls during the hot weather. Lingeringly, she rubbed against the leather topped stool, enjoying the comforting feeling of leather being warmed to the heat of her creamy thighs. She turned sideways, feeling a tinge of excitement as she crossed her legs, bringing together her very fashionable and exquisitely dressed ankles. Her dainty feet were shod in a pair of delightful spike heeled shoes. The heels themselves, needle thin, were almost five perfect inches. A magnificent series of tiny white pearls outlined a large petal serving as a thong. A silver inner sole had a heart cushion for walking comfort. Made of purple suede, in the dim light, the pearls glistened like the eyes of a dozen leopards in the depths of a dark, mysterious jungle.

Pauline lifted her dry martini, coolly observed the lonely girl and then offered a silent toast. The other girl smiled back sharply and said in a hoarse whisper, "That's so kind of you."

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## THE BIZARRE AND THE UNUSUAL...

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"Not at all," said Pauline sharply.  
"On a warm day like this, a cool drink can do wonders."

The other girl managed a weak smile and shifted uneasily on her stool, her wide hips crinkling slightly beneath her pleated silken skirt. She wore a satin blouse embroidered with red roses and blue violets. Her long, thick blonde hair fell in luxurious waves down her shoulders and shimmered in the dim light when she moved her head.  
"Would you know of a good place where I could spend the evening? I'm new in town."

Pauline felt a quickening of her pulse. She gripped the long glass tightly in her fingers, almost crushing it. "I've got a spare room in my apartment. Would you care to look at it?"

Both girls exchanged glances. The stranger said, "But--but I hardly know you." Her eyes swept over the lean legs, the tapering calves and came to rest upon the purple suede shoes and the red-tinted toenails peeking out from the thong. "Of course...

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there's nothing to lose by looking, is there?"

"Good enough." Pauline slammed down the glass on the bar, lingeringly enjoyed the feel of the leather topped stool as she slid off and together they walked out into the sparkling sunshine to Pauline's apartment.

The new girl's name was Angela. She was travelling around, doing odd jobs wherever she could get one, searching for a place to stay permanently. In Pauline's apartment, she accepted another drink gratefully and settled down in a leather club chair. Pauline explained, "I have a roommate," with a slight scowl, "but she went away to Europe. I just hate sleeping alone. I'm frightened." She disliked admitting this weakness but Angela looked so honest and sincere, that she wanted to confess all. "Especially since I have a wardrobe of so many interesting clothes. Thieves might run off with them and they're hard to replace."

Angela's eyes opened wide with innocence. "What sort of clothes?"

Pauline's high heeled shoes made a soft,

steady sound on the wooden floor as she walked into the other room, followed by Angela. She opened up one of the closets and brought out--a few clothes hangers containing leather skirts!

"But, how positively lovely!" exclaimed Angela, her fingers touching the leather skirts. Made of soft kidskin, they buttoned in the rear, almost from the waist down to the hem. Once they were fastened, the buttons could be removed by someone else only because they were so tight. And down at the hem in the rear, a tiny buckle snapped shut. A thick stone-studded leather belt looped around the waist, tightening in front with a huge gleaming buckle. Once a girl's waist felt the leather belt tightening her into the leather skirt, she could feel secure and confident that there was no chance of its suddenly coming open, thereby causing much embarrassment in public.

Some of the blouses were also made of leather, embroidered with strange Oriental designs and figures. Then Pauline, eager to make Angela feel welcome, walked to the far side of the room and switched on a floor lamp.

There, behind the door, stood a curtain from ceiling to floor--the curtain was made entirely of metal chains! It rattled, like the clinking of skeletons, as Pauline pushed it aside, disappeared for an instant and then came out again carrying a jet black garment that looked--like a pair of long winter underwear.

"Isn't this pretty?" she said, in a reverent tone as she held up the garment. It was made of soft kidskin leather, soft as a glove, containing a set of sleeves complete with five fingers at the end. It stretched down into a pair of thin, tapering legs complete with sets of toes. It zippered up in the rear, right up to the collar. And on top of the collar was a head-glove. "Yes," explained Pauline to the awed Angela who could not believe such a delightful garment existed. "This is most comfortable for sleeping. It covers you up from head to toe, fastens in the rear with a zipper to the collar. From there, I can lace you up with leather laces until the top of your head. You have slits for eyes, nose and a slight slit at your mouth. But otherwise, this sleeping garment is completely enclosed."

"But . . . do . . . you mean you would let me wear that?"

"Of course," snapped Pauline with impatience. "That's why I'm showing it to you. I want you to enjoy your first night's sleep here and you can do this when wearing a comfortable pair of pajamas. . . like this one."

Angela could hardly control her throbbing emotions, filled with deep gratitude that Pauline would let her wear this complete leather garment. "Can I wear it now?" she asked, almost shyly.

"You've got to bathe first," declared Pauline, taking the garment away and securing it behind the curtain made of metal chains. "I can't let you dirty the leather pajamas, they're difficult to clean. So, into the tub with you, Angela. As a special reward for consenting to stay here, I'll let you wear the leather pajamas."

Angela could hardly wait. She lost no time in removing her clothes and then, poised

like a slim nymph, daintily entered the tub, sinking down into the warmth of the soapy suds and rubbing herself diligently. Pauline watched her movements, smoking a cigarette through a holder made of thin alligator leather. She observed Angela's lean figure, the balloon shaped breasts, looking filled with the vibrant substance of youth, coming to an upward tilt, the reddened ends like bursting, fiery sunset!

She stood up, rubbing the soapy cloth over her supple hips, scrubbing her milky thighs; as she bent, her thick breasts hung suspended in mid-air, shimmering in bubbly joy. Then Angela straightened, bringing the soapy washcloth over her twin mounds of delight, sighing softly as she rubbed and rubbed. "You'll fit the pajamas perfectly," observed Pauline, studying the spreading hips, the narrow waist. To herself, she said, "I've got a pair of hidden laces at the thighs, waist and chest that will make you fit."

Pauline had made the leather pajamas herself. It represented months and months of secret work, away from the prying eyes of

her roommate. She had always wondered what a young girl would look like, dressed in such a fashion, covered completely from head to toe with a leather garment. Perhaps she would look like a giant black cat, silky and soft. The leather would be skin tight, of course, so that every muscle, every line and fold on the girl's body would be clearly etched. It would fit her like a second skin. Pauline would see to that. . . with the help of the tight leather laces.

"I'm finished," declared Angela, stepping out of the tub, her body flawless in white perfection. Her white thighs like twin columns of ivory, her lean arms like the soft necks of swans on a cool pond. She flushed a scarlet tinge when she saw how studiously Pauline was observing her. She had always bathed in private and felt hotly ashamed that Pauline stood and watched. Of course, Angela reasoned, she was foolish to be so modest. After all, she was alone in the city, hardly had any money, did not know where to turn and here someone offered her a night's lodging. . . with a delightful pair of pajamas, to boot. Angela decided she should be more grateful for such kindness.

She draped her lean body with a silken robe, studied the back of Pauline's spreading hips beneath the shorts as she went to the chain metal curtain, clangingly drew it aside and brought out the wonderful leather pajamas.

"You're just the model I need," explained Pauline. "I'm a dress designer. I've been working on this garment for many months and if it fits you as I expect it should, then I'll bring it out to the public." It stretched slightly. To demonstrate, Pauline stretched one of the sleeves.

"Yeeeee," gasped Angela, watching the rubbery stretch, almost hopping on her toes with exultation. "How soft and gentle it looks."

Pauline's red-laquered nails made a violent contrast upon the black leather as she beld it up, almost as she would hold up food to a hungry child, as bait, for obedience.

"Now," commanded Pauline, "slip off that robe and get into these leather pajamas."

As the robe fell to the floor in a hissing



softness, Angela again flushed furiously as she turned her bare body and held out her arms so that Pauline could place the garment onto her. She felt anxious--to see how it would feel and to cover up her nudity.

The soft, cool leather slipped over her hands, up her wrists, her swan-like arms and then came to rest upon the soft curve of her back. There was a tiny slit in the rear, through which her tapering legs slipped. As she bent at the waist, tiny dimples appeared on her wide hips, and Pauline smiled with satisfaction. Those same creases and dimples of lovely white flesh would be repeated on the blackness of the skin tight rubbery leather. If that were accomplished, her garment would be hailed as a success.

"How comfortable and snug," delighted Angela said as her bare toes slipped into the foot glove ends of the legs of the leather pajamas. "I feel as if my feet are made of leather," she trilled, a happy tone in her voice.

Pauline did not answer but busied herself with tightening the laces. First, the legs

and thighs were firmly packed into the leather as tiny laces drew tighter and tighter, kneading the flesh into place. Then, at the waist, an invisible, built-in, thick leather belt suddenly squeezed her stomach so that Angela gasped. "It's... hard to breathe..."

"You'll have an hour glass figure soon," she answered, tightening the belt until the waist was pinched in while the hips spread out to enormous proportions. The packed flesh resembled huge amounts of bunched whipped cream hidden in a bag of soft leather. As Angela squirmed, the soft flesh shimmered and creased slightly. Yes, it was as if her skin had turned to pure leather.

And then, suddenly, Angela's shoulders were flung back. A set of very tiny laces just between her shoulder blades suddenly forced her into a very proper posture. "I can't stand models who walk with a slumped pair of shoulders," announced Pauline. "And this garment has to have good posture." And so, the laces were drawn tighter, pulled her backwards, as if someone stood from behind and seized her elbows and pushed them far behind

her hack. At last, they were knotted securely and firmly.

Angela had to breathe in deep gulps but she did not complain, not even when tears were streaming down her cheeks from the unaccustomed tightness. The tears were soon obscured because the head glove was suddenly thrust upon her, obscuring her hair--in fact, covering her from the top of her head down to her neck. It was like a black velvet mask placed upon prisoners before their last hour on earth. It felt cool, intimate, cozy and mysterious. Through the tiny slits, she could see quite clearly. And her breathing was difficult but she would get used to that after a while.

She could feel Pauline tightening the laces behind her head, then knotting it into a tiny confused series of bows and intricate knots. It would certainly take a lot of time to unravel that type of knot, she reasoned.

"There," said Pauline, stepping back, admiring the vision of black leather before her. "A perfect fit," she cried with an inner joy

that accompanies success. All her months of slaving away with sewing, stitching, measuring had not gone in vain. The leather pajamas were a perfect fit and would surely become the rage of the fashion world when introduced in the next season.

She helped Angela over to a floor-length mirror. Behind the leather mask that covered her entire head, the startled girl gasped. She could not believe it. Staring at her was a leather lady! That's right, a lady made completely of leather. She moved her arms, her fingers, all covered with the tight, rubberized leather as yielding as her own skin. She started to flush beneath the mask as her hands caressed her ripe bosom, lifted the melon-shaped breasts, the red-tipped ends now covered with soft leather. She ran her fingers lovingly along her thighs, also covered with the soft, skin-tight leather. It was as if she were entirely bare! That is how tight and perfectly fitting the leather pajamas were.

For an instant, she almost sobbed with joy at her prettiness. She let Pauline embrace her fondly and then stepped back, very em-

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barrassed. After all, she really should not go around like this. When she said it aloud, Pauline threw her head back and laughed.

"Do you see how effective it is, darling? When you wear this, you can't help but think that you're made of leather. You can imagine what many husbands will feel, bugging a wife wearing such a leather skin. Quite an unusual novelty, don't you think?"

Angela nodded. Her high cheekbones were clearly etched over the mask. As she walked back and forth, her feet feeling comfortable and secure in the long, tapering leather legs. She could feel Pauline's eyes upon her swelling hips as they bounced slightly while she walked. Quite truly, she did feel very bare and exposed. . . even though she was covered.

"I'm going to love staying here," said Angela as she lay down on the satin bedspread of the large double bed. "You have so many interesting clothes."

Pauline sat down on the bed, studying her

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## . . . IN FACT AND IN FICTION

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leather-clad companion. "Angela, I want you to stay here with me. We can both become very successful together."

Angela smiled. The leather mask gave way to the motions of her face. "Of course, I'll stay here. I wouldn't be happy anywhere else. . . not when I've been introduced to such a comfortable pair of pajamas."

Before they fell asleep, Pauline outlined her plans for manufacturing more such pajama sets for sale to all lovers of exotic fashions. The next morning, Pauline awoke early and turned to see where Angela was and discovered--she was gone!

Instantly awake, Pauline searched the apartment. The girl was gone--with her was the suitcase she came with and the leather pajamas! How had she escaped from the garment? She must be a clever girl.

Pauline gnashed her teeth in fury. The girl was a thief. An out and out thief. She searched everywhere for some clue to her identity but nothing remained. She reached

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for a riding crop and swished it through the air, the harsh whistling sound matching her fury. Finally, she flung the crop on the floor. She went into the kitchen and saw a little slip of paper on the table. She snatched it up.

"Dearest Pauline--

The leather pajamas are too wonderful to be given to the whole world. I want to keep the only pair in existence for myself. Call me selfish, if you will, but when I love something very much, I cannot share it with anybody. Please forgive me and be content to know that your months of labor are not in vain. Your garment is with someone who loves it very much."

--Angela.

She would have wept then, but Pauline managed to smile. Perhaps it was better this way. Oh well, she had learned her lesson. Now, she would set to work again, making a different pair of leather pajamas. . .but this time--escape would be made impossible without her help!









## "MOONLIGHT SWIM"

by

Evelyn Adams

\* \* \*

Summer was coming to a grim climax; it was already early in September and the intensity of the heat did not yet show signs of abating. In a rural area, just outside the big city, two girls were strolling along, trying to relieve the sticky heat that soaked them to the skin, but literally.

The taller girl, a raven-haired beauty, wiped her brow with the sleeve of her cotton blouse which was already wringing wet and fairly dripping. "Honestly, Jeanie," she said in the stillness of the night, as they walked in the small wooded area, "if this heat doesn't

stop, I don't know what I'll do."

The smaller girl, slender of figure, turned to study Erica. She observed the proud thrust of her bosom, the arched peaks almost bursting through the cotton blouse--soaking wet, the rich buds could be clearly seen beneath. Jeanie perspired even more so, fully admiring the rich, swelling twin mounds. Such a girl could always be assured of her share of friends.

"We--we could go for a swim," offered Jeanie, her eyes caressing the undulating movements of her hips encased in a pair of silken shorts. She saw the tiny dimple of one hip as she walked along. Beneath, dimpled knees faded into slim legs and exquisitely shaped ankles. She wore a pair of patent leather thong shoes--three straps were strategically arranged, one of which bound the big toe to the sole of the shoe and then stretched up across the vamp to meet two other leather straps--one encircling the vamp, the other stretching from one side to the other. Here they were joined together with a thick metal buckle, gleaming like a diamond in the dim moonlight. Erica al-

ways preferred comfortable thong shoes in flats for casual wear. The sole was paper thin and made soft, gentle footstep sounds as she walked along on the soft earth.

"A swim?" Erica said, breaking into Jeanie's reverie. Their eyes locked and both girls were enveloped in a hazy passionate emotion. It was probably the intense heat which usually played havoc with one's intimate feelings. "But where could we find a place to swim. . . at this hour?"

"I know the place," offered Jeanie eagerly. "Just follow me." As she led the way through a winding path that led into the depth of the woods, Jeanie felt Erica's eyes invading the privacy of her satin covered hips. She wore white satin slacks which revealed more than covered the proud hips that had always turned many a head. Jeanie could almost feel the other girl's heated breath down her back but dismissed such foolish illusions as just a nervous reaction from the lingering warmth.

She paused. Straight ahead was a small lake, fed by a very tiny waterfall. It looked cry-





stal clear and cool, except closer to the water, fall where foamy water rippled along merrily. "Shall we go for a moonlight swim?" suggested Jeanie. "It's the only way we can cool off."

Erica bit her soft lip. "But Jeanie, suppose someone sees us?"

"We're completely secluded here. No one will possibly find out." Then she paused. "Of course," rather shyly, "we don't have any bathing suits."

Erica said shortly. "We don't need them. I'm going to strip down. . ."

Jeanie felt a shortness of breath. For the first time, she felt hesitant. "But--why don't we take a swim with our clothes on? Then, we can take them off and let them dry in the heat."

Erica wrinkled her brow. "You mean... swimming, fully dressed?"

Jeanie nodded eagerly. She did not like the idea of stripping, then if they were dis-

covered, it could be very embarrassing. This way, if they remained clothed, they would have little to be ashamed of. "People always used to swim like that, many years back. Why, I can remember my grandmother before she went into the water. She wore a black silk costume with a white sailor collar and an ample skirt. She wore black silk stockings and black satin bathing slippers. Beneath, of course, she wore a corset and underneath that, a black shirt! And, she loved every minute of it."

Erica thought this over. She studied the slim figure of Jeanie, the mystery that lay beneath her silken blouse was quite invigorating. In the soft moonlight, the rise and swell of her gentle bosom would be a joy to behold. And her white flanks, the flawless perfection of their beauty would stir her to dizzying heights. Obscured by clothing, they could not be fully appreciated.

A few whipporwills pierced the moonlight darkness of the woods. The trees wafted their branches gently to the tiny rustling breeze. It certainly was a hot night!

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"Let's test the water," urged Erica and they both approached the edge of the small lake. She dipped her toe and quickly drew it back. "It's cold, . . . that's because it's a moving lake, I . . . I really don't know. My clothes may take longer to dry. . ."

Jeanie stood poised like a silken mermaid, by the lake. "You go first," she urged. "And I'll come after."

Erica became annoyed. This was Jeanie's idea and she should be the first to leap into the lake with all of her clothes on. The heat became more oppressive. Seized with sudden impatience, Erica suddenly shoved Jeanie.

"Yee-ow-yee-ow--" she screeched, struggling for balance. There was a quick blast followed by a--SPLASH! Soaking wet, the lapping, pouring water soaked her to the skin, dampened her hair--and her lovely satin slacks became drenched. Positively wet with an invigorating water!

"Oh, . . . oh, . . ." she spluttered about.

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trying to gain her balance, struggling to begin to swim but lost in confusion. She managed to reach the shore but laughingly, Erica stuck out her thin, leather-soled foot and placed it squarely on Jeanie's head and shoved her right back in.

She splashed and fluttered, the water soaking her blouse, her panties and her satin slacks, causing them to cling tight to her skin, splashing all over herself. The more she flapped her arms, the wetter she became. Finally, she again managed to reach the shore but this time, because of the previous experience was prepared. When Erica's neat little ankle became poised to shove her into the water again, Jeanie suddenly reached out, seized the ankle and pulled in Erica after herself.

"Stop--" was all Erica could yell out. One moment she was nice and dry and the next, a fine spray of water covered her from the waist down and suddenly, her nose, eyes, mouth and ears were gushing with a stream of water--she had splashed herself right beneath the tiny waterfall! She tried to stand up but the spray

covered her. . .covered and soaked her silken shorts, wetting them thoroughly, then soaking her cotton blouse. Dripping wet, her rich, full, uplifted bosom lay enchantingly revealed. When wet, the clothes became transparent. Jeanie smiled to see the delightful red buds just bursting forth in anger!

The thick hair hung in ringlets, dripping more water and the foaming, billowing water now splashed more and more, as if it recognized the intruder, and soaked Erica even more. . .her clothes began to wrinkle, to drip and to feel cool and clammy on her body.

Surely, Jeanie had a flash of reason, a swim in the nude would not make her shiver so much as would swimming with her clothes on. The heat had been conquered. They would have to do this more often.

"You--you did this to me!" spluttered Erica, who still had not realized how much a blessing in disguise the little prank turned out to be. She stood to one side of the streaming waterfall, rivers of water floating down her face, entering her nostrils and mouth, causing

more spluttering. She advanced toward the now-giggling Jeanie--the waterfall lay between them. She took several steps. . .mis-calculated because suddenly, her leather-thonged foot slipped on a smooth-surfaced rock hidden beneath the depths of the foamy water--and she fell--splash-splash--right into the water; face down!

She stumbled to gain her balance and found herself--right under the streaming waterfall. It gushed on and on, never relenting, to fill her mouth and eyes and ears with foamy water and to soak her clothing, making her dripping so wet, she thought she could never get dry again.

By now, Jeanie was laughing until her sides ached. She forgot her own wet slacks which felt like dripping sponges against her curvaceous body. She just laughed at the soaking, splashing Erica who became more furious. Jeanie let her guard down and in that instant, Erica escaped from beneath the soaking stream of water which was aimed at her like a huge waterhose--she splashed her way to Jeanie and gripped one edge of the laughing

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## THE BIZARRE AND THE UNUSUAL...

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girl's satin slacks...soaking wet, of course.

Jeanie screeched, surprised that she had been captured. She scooped up more water--splashed it at Erica--splashed her right in her face, making her temporarily blinded. But Erica refused to let go. She seized a thick fold of satin slacks and dragged the helpless girl over to the waterfall. Here, she transferred her hold--she seized Jeanie by the armpits, held her as she would a prisoner and forced her beneath the waterfall--enjoying a hearty laugh too, as Jeanie tried to escape.

Both of them were "caught" under the gushing waterfall which seemed endless in its supply of streaming water. It poured on both of them, wetting their clothes even more (if such was not possible, it felt as if both of them were made wetter); and Jeanie tried to gasp for air, but succeeded only in swallowing gulps of water. Her satin slacks were cold and clammy, soaked by the steady stream of the waterfall, dripping around her thighs, droplets forming around her ankles. Her hair was a mess, soaking wet.

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Finally, when Erica satisfied her revenge she released the shivering girl and both made their way out of the water and onto the shore. Here, they fell down on the soft bed of earth to gasp for air and relax. They were a bedraggled looking pair--as Erica stretched out, her cotton blouse was soaking wet and clung to the deep mysteries of her bosom. And her shorts--they were tight against her spreading hips, unbelievably revealing against the crotch. Jeanie was so glad that they were in a hidden cove. After all, in their present state, it would hardly be proper for any strange man to come upon them.

As Jeanie closed her eyes, she knew that Erica was smiling. . .good sport that she was. She knew Erica liked to have a little fun, once in a while. Besides, they had cooled off, so what was the complaint? She took a deep breath, arched her back and forcing her luxuriant bosom to be thrust out defiantly. The gentle wind caressed and fondled the nobs tips and she felt blissfully relaxed. Although it was going to take some time for their clothes to dry, this would be an experience they'd never forget.

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Jeanie had some other plans, now that she discovered how cool one can be when swimming in clothes--she would put on a tight satin corset, rib-enforced and laced up tightly against the small of her back, then she'd wear a silk, ankle length slip, a silk print dress and perhaps a little cotton jacket. Then, fully clothed, she'd plunge right in the water and let the foamy waterfall soak her thoroughly to the skin...silk dress, slip, satin corset and all! She'd become so soaked, she would not want to go swimming any other way for surely nothing could make her so cool as wet clothes.

Erica's milky thighs stirred slightly as she slept; her hand stole out in a half-dream and gripped Jeanie's fingers tightly. Overcome with throbbing emotion at such keen friendship, Jeanie's arm cradled Erica's damp head and both of them became very good friends....

THE END...





## "HIS MAID'S UNIFORM"

by

Anonymous

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As quite frequently happens, I had been complaining about how the housework was done (or rather how it wasn't done) to my wife. In fact, one particular evening I had made several snide remarks to her about it. Well, she wasn't one to brook any retorts from a mere man so she decided to do something about it.

First thing I knew, she had whipped off her apron, stood me up, whirled me around, and tied the apron on me. There, she said, you are now Marie the Maid and you can just clean this house up until it does satisfy you.

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I started to protest, but I knew my wife's temper, and she was in no mood to be trifled with. So I went to work and did the dishes, made the beds and vacuumed the whole place. Meanwhile, she curled up in an easy chair and turned on the TV to watch. But every time I went by I could tell she was watching me to see that I kept busy and did things right.

It took me two hours, but then I figured it was done. And it sure looked better to me. But now the question was how to get the apron off. I knew I couldn't just take it off, that I would surely have to have her approval or she would raise a fuss about quitting before she said I could. So I went over to her chair, knelt down beside it and waited for her to look at me. When she finally did, I asked very meekly if the maid could now be excused. Well, she said, you just stay right there until I inspect the place and then we will see. So she carefully went over the kitchen, bedroom, and living room and then came back to me. Yes, she said, I think you have done your work, now stand up and turn around and I'll take off your apron. So I did, and she released

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me from the maid's insignia.

Well, that was the first time. And for several days after that I made no comment on her housekeeping. But then one day I let another remark slip, and faster than I could wink, there I was done up in the apron and she announced that Marie could just go to work and fix things up. Remembering last time, I made no protest and went about the housework. This time, after I was done, she told me that I was really pretty good at housework and she wished she had a steady Maid Marie to take care of the place. And then I made my big mistake. I said, why I don't really mind doing it at all. Well, that did it. She said, OK then, from now on your permanent job when you come home will be to go to work and clean things up. In fact, she said, if you are really going to do the work of Marie, you should also look like Marie. And I know just the person to fix you up.

So that evening we got in the car to go make a visit. She wouldn't tell me where we were going. When we got in the car, she got

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in under the wheel to drive and I sat beside her. But before she started the car, she took a satin scarf from the glove compartment and said, now I don't care to have you know where we are going so I'm going to blindfold you. And she did too. In fact, quite tightly and very effectively. I couldn't even see any hint of light, let alone see where we were going.

We hadn't driven too far when she stopped and got out. Then she came around and opened my door and helped me out. Taking a firm grip on my arm she guided me along. When we next stopped, she knocked on a door and we were let inside. Not a word was said, so I gathered that she had made arrangements beforehand. I was stood alone, and I could feel myself being measured here and there, and then I was turned and pulled around and measured some more. Finally, my wife took hold of my arm again and guided me to the door, out to the car and helped me in. It wasn't until we stopped at home again that she finally took off the blindfold.

Each evening then I continued with the

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## THE BIZARRE AND THE UNUSUAL...

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housework and nothing was said for several days about what I had been measured for. Then one afternoon she got a phone call and she said we were going back to the same place that evening. And so we did, with me securely blindfolded again. And again I was ushered into a house.

This time I was taken in somewhere and I heard a door close, leaving me alone with my wife. Immediately she began undressing me. I didn't know what was coming off, but I didn't dare protest. In a short time, there I stood with nothing, absolutely nothing on. Then she helped me step into something and she pulled it up. I could feel it was a tight pair of latex swim trunks as they were settled in place. Then she led me out of that room and into another. I could tell someone else was there, and soon strange hands were fitting things onto me. They were strange feeling things to me, but they fit me pleasantly snug and felt nice. Then I was sat down and I could feel stockings going on and then a pair of shoes. The stockings were gartered up to a girdle I had been zipped into and then they stood me up. I almost fell over until I

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## ...IN FACT AND IN FICTION

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realized that the shoes which had been put on had high heels. Then I knew how I was being dressed. It must be a girl's outfit.

Next I heard the rustle of taffeta and something was pulled over my head and down over my body. It fit real snug so I guessed it must be a slip. Then I heard more taffeta and something else was slipped over my head and down over my body. This was zipped all the way up the back and I could feel a tight collar being hooked in the back. By this time there was so much taffeta on me that I rustled every time I moved. Now some gloves were slipped on my hands, and then something was adjusted around my waist.

Then my wife told me to keep my eyes closed and she took off the blindfold. I didn't dare open my eyes to look yet. Then something real tight was fitted over my head. I could feel that it covered my hair and came down over the ears. Next I could feel someone working on my face and gathered it was make-up being applied. When the lips were worked on, I knew that's what it was for sure. And by then they were all through.

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## THE BIZARRE AND THE UNUSUAL...

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I was ushered into another room, my eyes still tightly closed. Here I was stood in one particular place and then my wife told me, well, now you can open your eyes and see Marie. I opened my eyes and found myself facing a full length mirror. But the reflection in it couldn't be mine, could it? So I moved an arm, and sure enough it was me. I was dressed in my wife's idea of a maid's uniform. The dress was all black taffeta, and the apron, cuffs and turban were all white taffeta. The gloves were a white nylon. And the face had been made up real heavily, including a pair of large luscious red lips in brilliant lipstick.

Then for the first time I realized where I was. This was a costume shop which was run by a friend of ours. And there she was behind me enjoying herself to no end. Both of them then made me walk and curtsy for them to show off the costume. And it was the noisiest thing I had ever seen. Every time I moved even an arm it rustled, and when I walked it rustled like everything. There could be no mistaking where I was when dressed in that uniform. And my wife ex-

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## ... IN FACT AND IN FICTION

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plained that that was part of the idea of why it was made of such crisp taffeta.

They kept me dressed that way for over an hour while they enjoyed themselves teasing Marie the Maid, and making her wait on them. When we finally did get ready to leave, I found that my clothes had been put in the car already and that I was going to have to go home dressed as Marie.

By this time I was getting to rather enjoy the outfit, so I didn't protest at all. And even after we got home, I was made to wear it for another hour before my wife would let me undress to go to bed.

And so now Marie had her own special uniform, and was made to wear it every day while doing the housework. But you know what? Soon I felt right at home dressed as Marie, and now I wouldn't give it up for anything.

THE END...



"FROM ME . . . TO YOU"

by

Tana Louise

\* \* \*



Many years ago, a very wise man made the following statement:

"In love there can be no equality. One must be the master. . . . the other, the slave!"

This simple fact has proven itself time and time again. As a matter-of-fact, more often than not, it is the woman who assumes the dominant role.

Just the other day I was discussing this subject with a girl-friend, and she looked at me as though I were crazy.

"You don't really believe that, do you," she asked.

"Believe it," I replied, "I'm as convinced of that as I am of my own name!"

Finally, after much heated discussion, I convinced Jan that she should try this novel theory out. Her boy friend had been giving her quite a bit of trouble recently, and she was ready to try anything.

"Well, how shall I go about it?" she wanted to know.

I just smiled and mentioned for her to follow me. I led her into my bed room and ordered her to strip. First she hesitated, but when she saw how sincere I was, she decided to go along with me. . . . come what may.

After she was completely disrobed, I handed her a wasp-waist corset that I had just recently received as a gift from abroad. We tugged and tugged to get the back laced up, but soon we were rewarded. Even Jan couldn't

believe the difference it made. Her waist had measured somewhere around 26-inches before, but now a tape-measure showed it to be just under 22-inches. Her bust was beld up and out and this combined with her tiny waistline, gave her a real "hour-glass" figure.

Next she slipped into a pair of jet black sheer nylons with pencil thin seams. I made sure that the seams were perfectly straight before I handed her the shoes. These, I explained, were the "piece-de-resistance." They were black patent-leather sandals with wide ankle straps that buckled around her trim ankles. The heels measured exactly  $5\frac{1}{2}$  - inches and were the thinnest I could find available. I knew that the combination of corset, black hose and spike-heels would be enough to bring any man to her feet.

For a finishing touch, I made her slip into a skin-tight leather sheath dress that I happened to have in the closet. The dress hugged her body from neck to just below the knees. Also, I threw in a pair of shoulder-length glace kid gloves to complete the picture.

## THE BIZARRE AND THE UNUSUAL...

As Jan walked out the door I couldn't help but admire her. She looked every inch the conquering female. I would bet on her against any man. I wasn't wrong. Later that evening, she phoned to tell me that it had worked. For the first time in months, Eddie, her boy-friend, couldn't do enough for her. He couldn't get over the "new" Jan.

The accompanying photos were taken one night recently and show my new latex satin hobble-skirt. The skirt combined with a white satin blouse, dark seamless stockings and ankle strap shoes make a fetching costume. . . . what do you think? Of course, the waist-pinching patent-leather belt and hoop earrings help also.

Also, what do you think of the new Italian style hairdo? I haven't made up my mind yet whether I like it or not. Oh well, I still have my long hair piece, so all is not lost. . . .

See you next month . . .

TANA



# Deborah!





I'M SORRY, BUT  
THIS IS NOT THE  
KEY. IT DOESN'T  
FIT!!

WHAT? BUT...  
BUT... YOU MUST  
BE MISTAKEN!



DEBORAH!! SHE MUST  
HAVE KNOWN ALL ALONG  
ABOUT THE  
PENDANT!



SWITCH THE KEYS  
ON ME WILL SHE??  
I'LL FIX HER....



AT LAST YOU'RE HERE!  
DID YOU GET THE  
MONEY?



SHE TRICKED US!!  
WHERE'S THE REAL  
KEY, DEBORAH??





NO, DEBORAH! I'M NADINE! I'M SORRY I GOT YOU INTO THIS MESS, BUT IT WAS THE ONLY WAY WE COULD FIND OUT WHAT HAPPENED TO THE SIX GIRLS. I HAD AN IDEA THE MARQUIS' COUSIN WAS BEHIND THE DISAPPEARANCES- BUT I NEEDED PROOF! YOU ACTUALLY POSSESS THE REAL KEY, SO I'M SURE YOU'LL BE AMPLY REWARDED FOR THE INCONVENIENCES I FORCED YOU INTO !!



THE  
END!



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THE RARE & UNUSUAL IN FACT AND IN FICTION.